

My Sister and I

recall the day
we assed around on
the way to school and

blood poured down
the plaza steps.

Teachers herded us
into auditorium
and the principal

screamed about “the price
of freedom.” We just shook

and the guards around
the building scared us
even more.

Daddy sneered the same
words later when shoving
us into the car with
the dogs. I wouldn't

leave without Waldo
the parakeet, whose cage
got pushed into my face.

I still feel the pattern
of the wires.